

strain, and announced that he was going to die in a few hours.

The death of the two *voyageurs* and the constant proximity of their unburied bodies preyed deeply upon his mind, and not all the efforts of Lieut. Franklin and Dr. Richardson were of any avail to rouse him from his despondency. His beloved flute lay upon the floor, despised and neglected. If he had put it to his lips, it would only have been to send forth a wail of despair.

Lieut. Franklin was profoundly affected by his sad condition. He felt as though he would give his own life for the boy's, if that were possible.

'Cheer up, Denis, dear,' he would say to him, with inexpressible tenderness and solicitude in his tones. 'You will live to see London yet;' and then he would try to engage his attention with descriptions of the strange sights he had witnessed in different parts of the world, and would tell him about the wonders of the great cities of Europe and Asia.

This expedient always succeeded for a time.

Denis would brighten up, and listen eagerly to all that the lieutenant said; but when the latter was fain to stop through sheer exhaustion, he would fall back into his despondent state again.

'The boy cannot last long at this rate,' Dr. Richardson said, after carefully examining him. 'Nothing can save him except some good nourishing food, and God only knows how that is to be obtained for him.'

Affairs had reached this dreadful crisis, and the chill grasp of death seemed to be tightening upon the whole party, when on the morning of November 7, as they all were still lying in their blankets—those who could move about being reluctant to go out into